Do You UseSalt?

It will pay you to answer us this question. If you use salt that's all right. It is especially true as to the butter you make. You remember the difference in butter. We can point you out a dif-ference in the cheese you buy. Why not in salt? Why not search for the best salt? You compare, ask questions, investigate. Then you will use

Diamond Crystal Dairy Salt

has done for others. There is no secret about it. Write and get particulars. We grant that salt is salt, but we say that a good reason why you use one salt above the rest. Look into it. Write us. Let us tell you why. Let us tell you how to make better butter. Write today. Address

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO.
ST. CLAIR, MICH.

ALL BECAUSE OF A BLACK CAT.

Business Partners Fight. Dare Half the Other Arrested.

A black cat is admitted to be the cause of a quarrel between two business partners of Elma, N. J., which has already resulted in the arrest of one and the threatened arrest of both from what is known as the Captain Hammond farm. Mrs. Thomas F. Land and Mrs. D. C. Steinecke have lived about the black cat and accused their husbands of cowardice because they kept out of the fight, until, at last, the business partners and former friends punched each other on the barn floor.

"It is all because Mrs. Land is superstitious about a black cat," declared Mrs. Steinecke. "Our husbands were in business together, and we thought it would be nice for our two families to live together. Everything went well until Mrs. Land learned that I had brought a black cat here with me, when she became frightened. It is all nonsense to have any such idle fears, but it has got them. I've got the cat and I guess it will break up our happy home."

What Land has done everything she can to make us get rid of the cat. She said it killed her chickens. Why, I would be willing to put it in a cage with a little chicken and bet that it wouldn't hurt a feather."

"The cat does kill chickens, and Mrs. Steinecke must get rid of the cat or get out of here," was all that Mrs. Land said.

Land and Steinecke, besides being in business together under the title of Land & Co., are families, and owning the big Hammond farm in partnership. They had a drove of twenty-five New York truck horses to pasture and were making a good thing out of their farming scheme as well as out of their steam-fitting business.

Their business affairs prospered until Mrs. Land declared that the black cat or the Steinecke family had to go. Every time an accident happened Mrs. Land declared that it was because of the presence of the black cat.

The climax came when a valuable horse died. Mrs. Landwas on hand with her black-cat theory and her husband became so enraged that he went at his farming partner with gloves on the threshing floor of the barn.

To offset his arrest for assault he has had Steinecke sued for ejectment, and the owner of the farm has employed Lawyer Herring to dispossess both of his tenants.

JOHN BULL IS EASILY HOAXED.

Especially When the Story Relates to Life in the Great West.

It seems to be an easy matter to hoax our English cousins, for just now, according to the New York Herald, they are accepting in good faith this yarn about a race alleged to have been run at Chicago. There had been a false start, owing to a mistake made by the man with the advance flag, and in spite of the growlings of those who had backed a black horse that was esteemed a "good thing," and, unlike so many good things of which we have had constant experience, won in a canter by any number of lengths, the horses returned to the post. The starter, much quiet, of course, at the catastrophe, took his place and prepared for business.

"While he was standing there," the story goes on to relate, "a black boy, who was so handicapped by lack of height that it was impossible to see the race, spied a place of vantage between the widespread legs of the starter. He crept up and soon was fixed in his place. The starter happened to glance down and saw the black face peering into space. 'Begone, you imp!' he cried, and at the same time hit the woolly pate with his flag stick. The advance watchman was seen and watched. He did not see the negro, but he was conscious that the starter's flag had dipped. Down went his own again, and once more the field sweeps past. Once more all was confusion and once again the black horse walked home first. Things were getting serious now. Hands stealthily sought hip pockets and when they emerged they had well loaded six shooters firmly grasped within them. It did not make any difference to the crowd whether the starter's flag had fallen or not; the black horse had won the race twice, and there was to be any more running they would not tend to the starting themselves. In this emergency the starters were seen to the paddock for a twenty minutes' rest, and while they were there the race was declared off."

The Eye of the Deep Sea Fish.

The eyes of the deep sea fishes are very varied; some have neither eyes nor sight; others have greatly enlarged eyeballs, so as to catch the least glimpse of light. That intended either to disappear or to be unusually efficient; but since no trace of sunlight can penetrate to any great depth and it is probably quite dark beyond a depth of some two hundred fathoms, of what use can eyes be?

FOUR BIG SUCCESSES.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them the following four remedies deserve a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, each bottle guaranteed. Electric Bitters the great remedy for liver, stomach and kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve the best in the world and Dr. King's new life pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached hereto with be glad to tell you of more of them. Sold at Whitehead & Mitchell's and F. Hagerman's drug stores. 1

FREE FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS

An Escaped Negro Convict Betrayed and Sent Back to Jail.

On May 18, 1873, Monroe Marshall, a colored convict, made a daring escape from the Fulton county chain gang, says the Atlanta Constitution. A few days ago, after twenty-one years of uninterrupted freedom, he was captured and carried back to the convict camp in shackles. Twenty-one years ago when he made his escape, he was a tall, strong and robust—strong enough to overpower two guards and give the bloodhounds a futile chase for many miles. He was carried back old and decrepit—almost too weak to stand up under the weight of his shackles. In, 1873 Marshall was given a sentence in the county chain gang, convicted upon the charge of assault and battery. He had provoked a fight with another negro and was arrested and sentenced. He remained three months in the chain gang, when, on account of good conduct, the foreman made him a trusty. One morning, while the rest of the convicts were at breakfast, Marshall made a break for liberty. Two guards seized him, but he pushed them easily aside and made for the woods. Several shots were vainly fired at the fleeing man. Then the dogs were put on his track and gave him a good race. But the negro reached the river in good time to swim across and escape. The chase was given up and Marshall was considered dead. Years passed, other convicts came and went, Marshall was lost sight of and his escape had passed from memory.

A few days ago a Negro visited the convict camps and volunteered the information that he knew the whereabouts of an escapee. He was questioned closely concerning the man whom he said had escaped and as to how he learned the fact. He said that the man was named Monroe Marshall and lived on Decatur street. Some time before he had told several other negroes how he escaped from the chain gang twenty-one years ago. His cause of security caused him to tell all about his flight. The negro making the report said that he was one of the guards who pursued Marshall that night, heard a shot, but failed to take. None of the officers at the camp knew of the escape and were not inclined to believe the fellow. But the negro pushed the matter and was examined and the name Monroe Marshall was recorded there as having escaped and not recaptured. One of the guards came into Atlanta, Marshall was pointed out to him and the arrest was made. At first the man denied that he was over in this chain gang and insisted that he had always lived in Fulton county. But the guard was inexorable, and the convict acknowledged that many years ago he had escaped. Upon reaching the camp, a full account of his struggle with the guards and his run from the dogs. He left Georgia the year of his escape and made his way to Texas, where he remained for ten years, coming back to Atlanta after that time. The negro who reported this fact says, did it to satisfy an old grudge.

SOUNDS VERY SHOCKING.

But, All Things Considered, the Affair Was Not Beyond Reason.

The story the young man told the reporter was about a runaway match between two young society people of Brooklyn and a divorce which had been kept secret. The story, as the reporter found it to be is as follows: Eddie Bonehill has just passed his tenth birthday. Jessie Long is also in most tender years. When the time came for June brides a little playmate gave a party. A mock marriage was proposed and Eddie and Jessie were selected as bridegroom and bride. In her white dress and with an improvised orange wreath Jessie made a pretty a bride as a boy could ask.

Then Charlie—the awful Charlie—showed his hand. He was probably a cad-off suitor. He hit his lips, in lieu of a mustache. He bided his time. Eddie wrote this note, and Charlie saw it:

"Dear Jessie—I love you. Do you love me? Do you want to ride on my velocy? Your friend,

"EDDIE HUNNELL."

Then Charlie wrote a letter and took it to Jessie. He didn't show her what was in it and promised her a big surprise, she wanted if she'd skin it. She did.

Jessie's father is a lawyer. He has lots of big red seals. And the letter Charlie had caused the trouble had, first, one of these awful legal seals; then the printed word "divorce." It continued:

"Dear Jessie—We do not love you and we will not ride on your velocy.

"JESSIE."

Eddie was heart-broken when he showed this to his father, who is an editor.

Mrs. Hubbell showed the note to Mrs. Lyng. And there was a reconciliation. It just think how fin de siecle even little tots are.

Providential.

"I'm sorry to hear, John that you've lost your wife. But is it true that you had no doctor?" "Aye. It came about this way: A fortnight or so I was ill and called in the doctor. He gied me a bottle, but when I got name I was better, so I didna use it. When the wife took sick I gied her the bottle, and she died by morning. Isn't it a mercy I didna take it?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Testing His Ability.

Loiterer, at railway station—Why does that boy set up a yell every time a locomotive whistle blows?

Small Boy—He's trying to see if he's got voice enough to drown the noise of the engine.

Loiterer—What for?

Small Boy—He wants to get find out if he's adapted for sellin' papers.

Ready for Anything.

Mr. Friepan—Dear Miss Grabber, may I dare to hope that some day you will be my wife?

Miss Grabber—You may, Henry; and the sooner the better. Get your life insured and the license in a row. We'll get married the day after. Delays are dangerous.—Judge.

He Oughtn't to Have Told.

Watts—Jack, you insisted on this afternoon and got me into a heap of trouble by claiming that you supplied her with a book of checks in blank. Now my wife wants me to do the same thing.

Potts—Oh, you can do it with perfect safety. The checks are not signed.

Two Women to One Man.

The membership of the Congregational church is composed of 188,187 males and 378,444 females. That is nearly two to one. Last year the number of deaths of members was sixty-eight. The average age of these ninety-eight ministers was 58 years 6 months and 23 days.

THOSE BATTLE FLAGS.

(Continued from last week.)

PONTIAC, Mich., Aug. 30, 1894.

Comrades of the 22nd Mich. Infty Vols.:

After their appointment as delegates your committee went earnestly to work to ascertain what was necessary to be done to secure possession of the flags. Upon inquiry it was found that there was no way of accomplishing the desired end except by a special Act of Congress, authorizing the Secretary of War to turn it over to the regiment. On Dec. 10th, 1894, your committee asked Senator James McMillan to take the matter in hand and secure if possible the passage of such a bill. Under date of Dec. 19th, Senator McMillan wrote your committee: "I have traced the flag to which you refer and find that it was carried by the color guard. I shall soon introduce a bill in Congress to authorize the Secretary of War to turn the flags over to your association, and shall use my best endeavors to secure the speedy passage of the measure. I do not now apprehend any difficulty in reaching the result desired." On January 4, 1894, Senator McMillan introduced Senate bill 1780 which authorized the Secretary of War to turn over to the Society of the 22nd Mich. Infty Vols. the flags which were carried by the regiment and which are now among the recaptured flags in the War Department. This bill was read twice and referred to the committee on military affairs. The committee reported adversely on the ground set forth in a letter from the Secretary of War, dated Feb. 8, 1894, in which letter the Secretary quoted the Major General commanding the army as follows: "It is my judgment as a matter of general policy, all flags captured, or recaptured by the army in battle, should remain in the custody of the War Department as the property of the United States. As a flag lost by a regiment in battle, if recovered, should not be restored to that regiment unless it can show that it has by its very distinguished assistance. If it is restored, it has not earned it, and is by my approval; either of the great gallantry of any regiment, notwithstanding its misfortune at the time the flag was lost, or of very marked subsequent gallantry in assisting to recover it." On May 23, 1894, Senator McMillan addressed a letter to Major Gen. Schofield, reciting the circumstances under which the regiment lost its flag, in which he said:

"While I think there is no one among the Michigan regiments who is so entitled under any but the most honorable circumstances, I believe that said 22nd Michigan Infantry was as gallant a regiment as Michigan sent to the front. Its Colonel was Moses Wisner, of Pontiac, who stepped down from the Governor's chair to order the army, and who died at the front. The flag in question was given to the regiment by the ladies of Pontiac. It was lost at Chickamauga, on the day the regiment withstood a charge of Longstreet's corps. Lieut. Edgar Campbell heard a report, fell dead—he was wounded in front of the regiment. The color Sergt., Philo Durfee, was shot through the breast and face and fell dead. Corporal Stensel, of the color guard, grasped the colors, but had scarcely raised them when a ball passed through his head killing him instantly. Corporal Vincent picked up the flag and a moment after was severely wounded. Seargt. Kendall then carried the colors for the rest of the day, and went with them into the last charge. Col. Le Favor had sent word to Gen. Whitaker that his ammunition was exhausted. 'You must use your steel,' was the reply. As the firing ceased, it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe, the 22nd Fished forward, Col. Le Favor leading. With fixed bayonets and empty muskets, under a terrific fire of grape and musketry, at the charge of the steel, the enemy's line broke and fled